



Among the Men who Work with Hand or Brain



Millinery Field Open to Men.

By Wm. G. Richards.

ALL other things being a little more than equal, the field of the man milliner in the United States offers to man's millinery talent more inducement to venture than is to be found in any other occupation.

As a first proposition, the man milliner is accepted generally as the dictator of all that is desirable in hats and bonnets, regardless of the measure of his artistic or commercial product. That a hat designed by a man and bought of a man naturally should be better than the same hat designed by a woman and bought of a woman is one of woman's superstitions, to say the least. In this alone the man milliner has a business proposition made before he opens shop which may go a long way toward distancing any possible woman competitor opening a place in the same block.

But stronger than this is the further fact that where a man with the taste for a millinery creation and the nerve to tackle the business does undertake the work of the man milliner, he promises far more to the art of hat making than does the woman who has the same inherent art.

Only 1,696 Men Milliners.

Suggestive of just what the man milliner's opportunity is in the United States at large, the figures from the national census are striking. The total number of persons worthy the denomination "milliners" is 87,850. But as indicating the chances of the man in the business, the fact that of these milliners 82,936 are women and only 1,696 are men, the opportunity for hat and bonnet talent in the ranks of young men seems almost inexhaustible.

One light on these figures in comparison is that few of the men who are listed in the ranks of the man milliners really work at making hats, and that at the same time a good many of the men so classified are only owners of shops, administering the business as they would any other commercial line of which they were the heads. Doubtless several thousand of these women milliners are working milliners in the shops of the men milliners.

But the figures of the same census on the apprenticeship of the two sexes show that, while 3,184 girls are working at the trade, there are only 43 boys attempting to master its intricacies.

From the point of view of the woman milliner, the wonder is not that so few men are engaged in the business but that so many have found a field of work where they "had no business whatever."

As against this view, too, the man milliner has little to say as a "come back." He doesn't know just why it was that he went into the business in the beginning, though he plumes himself upon the fact that he went to go out of the business which he has built up and relinquish it to a woman, his women customers would be the first to rise in protest, however their husbands might chuckle. For it is one of the laws of the man milliner that the woman wearer of his creations shall pay dearly for the privilege.

All levity aside, however, there are few who will dispute that the capable man milliner naturally should be the leader in the art. Under any circumstances where the taste of the woman leans toward millinery and when her condition in life is such as to force her to work, the millinery shop is a most natural venture for her. Just as her material needs press upon her, the ease with which she goes into the millinery business is patent.

Man Rarely Enthusiastic.

On the other hand, even where the man feels a natural taste and aptitude for the millinery business as a business, he is not likely to regard the prospects with any great show of enthusiasm. He is not likely to take the subject of the venture up in general conversation at the club. And especially where the man is moved to become a designer of hats and bonnets for women he is likely to feel that the taste and bent are sadly out of harmony with his sex.

In this manner where the man takes up the business of designing hats and devotes himself to the work as a business, it is his one outlet for his sense of the artistic, and working for the artistic possibilities of his business he finds a double incentive for his masculine concentration and adaptability.

Without a doubt, this power of concentration and adaptability belongs to the man over the woman, due to his generations of responsibility for his household. When he applies himself with all his nature to a work in which woman long has excelled, his tastes and his powers of application allow of his distancing his female competitor on her own ground.

Succeeds Best as Designer.

It is as a millinery designer that the man always has shone. Women everywhere are willing to concede that in this work the competent man is the superior of the competent woman, even if she will not acknowledge just why it is so. Not all women are to be flattered into buying a hat creation just because it is the work of a man and for that reason should cost twice what the same hat from a woman's hand would cost. The man dressmaker is the epitome of his art; the man milliner naturally follows a close second to him. In each of these fields there is the natural indisposition of the man to enter, all else being equal, and it may be conceded that it is some overmastering taste in the art of millinery and dressmaking alike which brings the man into it.

There are more great men painters than there are women painters; more great men poets than women poets; more great men in literature than there are women. Yet for generations upon generations these fields have been open impartially to women.

So far as concerns the artistic nature in the man and the woman who are designing hats, the point is that the impulse to the woman is natural and the taking up of the work easy; whereas for the man the impulse is unnatural and the expression of public opinion a natural deterrent. Thus a greater art in the man is exacted before he goes into the work, and having this greater art and the higher concentration of his powers his work shows them.



Seven Ages of the Modern Worker.

John Coleman.

THE nurse comes out from the darkened chamber with a smile on her face and deep in her brown eyes.

"It's a boy! And everything is all right—simply lovely!"

Ten minutes before this auspicious appearance and smiling announcement, the most serious thing in all the world has happened to a little wisp of writing red flesh coming into the light with a wall on its lips.

Life has been inflicted upon the little vertebrate, which in intelligence and lack of self-preservation instinct is far below the scale of life in the invertebrates and creeping and crawling things of the earth. The calf in the barnyard, ten minutes old, rises and seeks its nourishment unaided. The duckling waddles to the water with its shell remnant clinging to its back and swims with never a lesson in the art.

But our boy? Is the nurse trustworthy? Will she doze in the night watches? Will the milk be at the proper temperature? Are those flannels dry? Have the crib's bedding and equipment generally been looked after as they should be? And, poor little helpless darling, is it a plump, rosy, or the colic? There! There! There!

Has Overplus of Safeguards.

Coming into the world at five to ten pounds and weighing in for the scrimmage whether he would or not, this small worker in sun and respects is coddled with the reiterations that he is lucky in the hands of the wisest parents and under the supervision of the broadest state government since the world began. And so reassured, naturally he begins to depend more and more upon this wisdom.

Child mates of his great-great-grandmother and grandfather reached the age of A B C's in the proportion of one to five; they got to the long dresses and early shaving ages respectively in proportion of three to two; after which lack of recognition of the germ and its overtime disposition in the darkened parlors and bedrooms where sunshine faded the carpets, and in the cellar and the eldritch where the typhoid bacteria roiled, and in the marshes where the malaria mosquito bred and swarmed—after these ages, life became a catch-as-catch-can proposition, with an ever impending fiery and sulphurous finish at the probable early ending of all things.

Is Spared "Course of Sprouts."

The school board gets him at 6 years old, but here again he has the bulge even upon his own father. He is forced to go to school by statute, of course, but against this handicap the old "course of sprouts" in which his father took a thirty-third degree every week has been eliminated in favor of nature study, the chucking of the spelling book, and the "fad" regimen, generally. His eyes are tested for motes and beams. If his lower jaw isn't a good fit the school board has one for him at once. The teacher sends word home by him that his anthropometric metrics are all wrong, even after being reduced to decimals. In short, life is made so serious for him that he can't play with it naturally—he mustn't imagine any more that he is a steam engine, especially if he talks to himself between the exhausts and the whistle for the crossings.

Prey of Class Yell—and Pimples.

At 15 years old he is afflicted with the high school yell and baggy trousers with meal sack pockets, larders and starboard. You may see his cap if you get close enough, but you have to feel for his mustache prospects. At this time the state wouldn't let him go to work for \$17 a minute, even if he wanted to, and he doesn't want to by six or seven years at least. His attentions are all scattered among football, pimples, baseball togethery, rooting for the home team, and tearing up the early evening quiet with hobbledyhoys girls of his neighborhood. He knows more than his father ever did or will know, and he is half inclined to go on and leave "the old man" to his fate.

He is not disposed to be in a hurry to choose an occupation or profession in life. The professions are overcrowded. The apprenticeship system is under a sort of ban of the unions. Manual training in school never agreed with him, anyhow. Politics and park boards and any old \$4,000 a year job looks good enough for him.

Hazing Helps Him Some.

As the average young man he doesn't get further than a first year hazing at college, but that one experience does him more good than any other interposition of Providence, since the determination of his sex. He gets it good and plenty and begins to come to. He begins to realize that, pulling through

the measles, whooping cough, croup, and scarlet fever ought to mean a little something to the rest of the world. If by that time he has a job somewhere in an office at \$6.50 a week he goes out and gets a desk card, reading in big, black letters, "DO IT NOW!"

By this time he has appreciated that the best science and medicine have done is to promise him an average of thirty-seven years of life. The worst that social conditions so far has done will be to call him old at 35 years, with just a chance that if sanitation and the materia medica add another five years to his life, social economy may allow him later to use the time in the world's interest.

Rice; Old Shoes—"Lucky Dog!"

Then one momentous evening in his life he comes hurriedly down a flight of front steps from a brilliantly lighted house, holding to the arm of a pretty girl all in white, dodging old shoes, bags of rice, bouquets, and all the missiles showered after the average young man in his state of mind and condition of servitude. They come back to the flat ten days later and begin to pay for the furnishings on the installment plan. He is 24 years old; she is just 21. He has \$200 in bank and his prospects at the office are better than they ever were. But in looking at his savings bank book he feels how foolishly he has squandered his substance in the years that are passed.

But two years later, when the mistress of the little flat is at her mother's for a few weeks, and when he feels that he, too, will have a chance to take a little of the old time gayeties of dinner, an evening with the boys at the theater and a supper afterward.

What a wretched change! Could he ever have had a taste for the foolishnesses that still seem to mean so much for Jones and Smith? What horribly tasteless food at table! What tawdry lights and gayeties in vaudeville! What a silly thing for men to

stand at a bar and drink more than is good for them in the name of a mistaken idea of fellowship! If only the little woman were at home now, could an electric car get him there fast enough?

It is 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a raw, chilly day in March and he is in the parlor of the little flat, walking back and forth, restlessly and feverishly. Now and then he stops short, listening intently, then takes up the tramping again, stopping occasionally at the front window to look out upon the struggling grass in the parkway across the avenue. An early lamplighter has just turned the corner, catching his wandering attention when a door behind him is opened quickly and noiselessly.

"It's a Boy!"

"It's a boy—and everything is all right—simply lovely!"

The speaker is a brown-eyed nurse, smiling and soft of foot as she hastens on in the direction of the kitchen of the little flat.

"A great boy!" repeats the father the next morning, as he opens the box of cigars at the office. "Well, I should say he is! Ten pounds to an ounce."

Upon which the physician gets busy and registers the birth with the board of health downtown.

And the chances of his living are repeated as being a little better than 3 to 2.

And the kindergarten method become applicable at 4 years old.

And measles and whooping cough and croup and scarlet fever will have been billed for him between the ages of 4 and 10 years.

And school will have done with him at 10 years old according to the law of averages.

And at 28 years, perhaps, he will be married, with a chance of living to 40 years and to the period of social civilization, having three children of his own, for whom he will earn an average of \$700 a year, considering salaried positions always.

And these are the world's workers.

Luck as Factor in Great Men's Lives.

By G. R. Clarke

A long and tedious journey to Bloemfontein and opened a grocery and general merchandise store. Customers were long in coming, and when they did they asked for credit—a plan at which they were old hands, and at which Robinson was new enough to let it ruin him. The crisis came, an official took charge of the store, the burghers who had ruined him came from all parts of Bloemfontein to see the sport without making any effort to pay him. Robinson stood by in a dazed sort of way, hardly realizing what was taking place.

Was Broke and Homeless.

He was nearly 40 years of age, and as the hot African sun sank down that evening he realized that he was not only homeless and penniless, but that he was in the worst country in the world in which to be without money. There was no sympathy for the man who was "broke," and he could not borrow money with which to go to the diggers at Kimberley, 200 miles away. His wife suggested that they walk there, and the husband shouldered his little belongings and started for the diamond Mecca.

It was a fearful journey over the hot African karoo and hills, and they were a strange looking couple when they arrived at the diggings, footsore and weary. For three weeks they had to depend upon charity for food and lodging at farm houses along the way, and when they got to Kimberley things looked extremely dark for them.

Discovered Untold Wealth.

Then it was that Robinson, walking around among the rude streets and dragging his feet in a listless way, looked at a fine uncut diamond, of which the millionaire, who now reads the value of any stone at a glance, had not the least idea of the worth. Within two hours after he had found the diamond he sold it for \$1,200, which was more money than he ever had possessed. From that time every investment that he has made has been successful to such a degree that it is said that what he touches turns to gold. His mine, known as the "Robinson mine," turned out to be the richest in the Rand. An English syndicate offered him \$10,000,000 for it, and it is only a part of his great possessions. The largest diamond in the world was found in another of his diamond fields, and an offer of

Nursemaid Gives Her Views on Servant Girl Problem.

By Virginia Wilson.

IN the following letter from a nursemaid to her former mistress the young woman gives a serving woman's views of the ever interesting and always important servant girl problem:

You were asking me the other day my opinion on the servant girl question, and I have been thinking it over ever since.

I have come to the conclusion that much can be said on both sides.

First, many mistresses employ a girl without first finding out her principles; girls likewise take positions for which they are utterly unsuited.

Nursemaids Must Love Children.

Take, for instance, a woman or girl who, having no love for children, will take a position as nursemaid. She may be perfect in every other respect, but no one can be responsible or trustworthy with children unless she can listen and sympathize with all their little grievances. This is an impossibility for any one who does not love them. They may keep them in better order, make them more refined and old before their time, but they never can win their confidence or love, and the consequences are that the babies early learn to be selfish and deceitful.

Now, take a cook; she understands her duties as cook, yet if she does not take an interest in housekeeping, no matter how many nice dishes she can get up, she is valueless to her employer. If she is given to understand in the beginning that practical economical cooking is required (not a lot of extravagant dishes which are never half eaten) she might just as well not be a genius in her line if she be not willing to submit to the circumstances.

So it is with everything else. Now, take a seamstress, who will go out by the day, probably scarcely able to run a straight seam, and demand full wages; might she not just as well go to your pocketbook and take out the money?

Mistress Should Be Considerate.

Now for the other side: Many women do not care how much is wasted in their kitchens, provided they have the reputation of giving the best dinners in the city. At the same time they do not know, nor do they care, if their girls have a soul or not. Church makes no difference so long as their meals

are ready just when they are ready to eat them.

Now, my opinion is that if a girl, (be she Protestant or Catholic) can give up God for the sake of a few dollars more wages she is not fit to be trusted any more than the mistress who employs her on these grounds. You know the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," and I firmly believe that a girl who will give up going to church and a mistress who will ask her to do so without cause are neither one in the right.

On the other hand, a girl who accepts a position ought to understand that complications may arise in various ways. Nothing ever runs smoothly for a lifetime. So she must give in, at times, to do more than she engaged for; and mistresses have to learn to be lenient at times also.

Girl Must Feel at Home.

I think a girl ought to feel at home and have company once in a while in the evening or on Sunday. But if she expects company and wants to give them refreshments, let her be at her own expense, except in cases when somebody comes unexpectedly, when I am sure no mistress would object to her giving them a little lunch, not secretly, but openly.

A word of praise helps also, provided it is deserved. If a girl feels she is treated like a machine she soon acts in the same way and does not care how much she wastes. Several times I have heard girls say:

"What does Mrs. Blank care for me? She never speaks to me, never wants me to go to church, etc. Why should I care for her or her goods?"

If a girl has a comfortable room where she can spend her evenings or an afternoon once in a while, she is generally satisfied.

Salary Is Not Everything.

So many girls go in for positions simply for a dollar more per week, and then are not qualified to fulfill their duties. The mistress gets discouraged and probably cross.

I think this question would be easily solved if both mistress and maid gave more attention to the question of ability in different lines.

For my part I would prefer to work for \$5 per week and a kind word than for \$10 and be treated with scorn. No matter if my employer was worth millions, I could not respect her, and certainly would not live in her home, and this, I think, is so in many cases.

Youth of the Golden Spoon Far from Being Useless.

By Mr. Domino.

WHAT right have I to exist? I, who am not a descendant, either of one of those whose ill-gotten wealth is a menace to themselves, their progeny, their state, and their country, or a descendant of a "social" gambler, who seeks the ruin of all men, who takes from the poor the inheritance of bread?

Being a lowly civilian, lacking power except that which I must create by my pen, lacking money—which my pen has not created—with which to crush out the monster "social degradation," I am in no position to attack the pillars of degeneracy and blighting forces of multi-millionaires.

Therefore, in my way with Antony, I have come to praise, not to bury, him.

Is it not fit and proper that our youth of the golden spoon should be lauded? Being left a vast fortune, does he not at all times seek the welfare of his fellow beings, is he not constantly thinking of how he may aid

this person or benefit that? Is his mind not constantly filled with vexing and perplexing questions that are alone for the uplifting of the community blessed with his generous presence?

Important Questions to Decide.

Shall I order my spring clothes now or wait until I see the styles?

Shall I give up cigars and smoke only cigarettes?

Shall I take a few drinks before I go to the party?

Shall I call her on the phone or wait until I see her?

Shall I ask her to meet me at the public library or the Art Institute?

Imagine, my friend, the condition of mind you or I would be in should we have to decide these important questions. You, perhaps, are a person who eats, sleeps, and drinks like a human; whose mind is nearly normal. At any rate, probably only a few of your friends think you insane. Do you, who go down to your offices daily and work for ten hours, imagine that you are of more benefit to the community than they? Perish the thought!

They are the people whose names appear in the society journals, two of which I read assiduously weekly, one because of three subjects (not individuals) which are treated especially well and which are of great interest to me; the other because of its frankness of purpose, the daring of its ideas, the audacity of its language, which you no doubt have read; it wades through divorce and scandal, hypocrisy and dissimulation, drunkenness and debauchery with its head high as though it was showing the way, with an acetylene lamp, to purity and love, sunshine and true happiness.

Valuable After Late Sessions.

Among those names mentioned in the columns of one or more of these numerous papers, none is seen more frequently than our youth of the golden spoon. Is it because of his "position" or wealth? O, no, kind friend, he is one of the sinews that go to make up the backbone of our people. It is such a man we lean upon in time of war. He knows well how to love and how to hate. He is a rock upon which men lean. Especially, if he has a strong head, he is invaluable after late sessions with his weaker headed companions.

Drink is the least evil that confronts our youth of the golden spoon, for after imbibing a number of cocktails he wishes to go home at once. Never will he think of gambling or going to a questionable restaurant. No, he wishes to go home quietly.

The idea of playing roulette or poker or bridge does not occur to him, but should our youth of the golden spoon be persuaded or enticed to enter a gambling dive no power on earth could influence him to lose over \$10,000 during one evening.

And the Gambler Needs the Money.

The gambler needs the money infinitely more than charity hospitals or educational institutions. They have their fixed expenses. The gambler fixes his expenses according to his income.

I have seen our youth of the golden spoon \$8,800 behind and the croupier adding a \$500 chip to his stack of losses almost every turn. Once he put on three \$500 chips instead of one, and when I called his attention to it he simply smiled and said he was not thinking; for he was our youth of the golden spoon. He did not even see the transaction. Naturally he was busily engaged wondering what good turn he might do the next poor devil he met.